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A

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JANE NEWLAND,

Of DUBLIN,

Who departed this Life, October 22, 1789.

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1790.

An ACCOUNT, &c.

JANE NEWLAND was born in *Dublin*, October the 25th, 1757. She was little troubled about religion, till in the year 1770, ſhe was brought to hear the Methodiſts. From this time ſhe began to ſeek the Lord with her whole heart; and the Lord heard her cry, and applied thoſe words of Iſaiah to her ſoul, "Ariſe, ſhine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee." She walked from this time in full light for ſix months. Then, ſaid ſhe, the Lord ſhewed me that I ſhould go out among the ſinners, and pluck brands out of the burning. I felt myſelf altogether unfit for the taſk: but while I was at prayer, theſe words came with great power, "I will be with thee." I got up, determined to go wherever the Lord ſhould ſend me. I began to viſit my neighbours; and ſoon found ſome good done, which greatly encouraged me. I ſoon got a few to meet together for prayer, and they increaſed till my ſiſters and I had three prayer-meetings in a week. At theſe prayer-meetings ſome were convinced of ſin, others juſtified; and ſome cleanſed from all ſin. I now alſo began to viſit the ſick and the diſtreſſed from houſe to houſe. And I rejoiced more in viſiting theſe than in eating my daily bread. This has been my employment for more than ten years. Yet I la-

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ment that I have not done more for my Lord! O how ſweet are thoſe words!

" Let me into nothing fall?
Let my Lord be all in all!"

What thankfulneſs do I feel, that I never loſt the witneſs of the Spirit ſince I was juſtified! From that time my conſcience was as tender as the apple of an eye. Yet above four years ago I was made deeply ſenſible, that I was not entirely holy, and languiſhed day and night, for all the mind that was in Chriſt. The language of my heart then was,

" 'Tis worſe than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I pleaded the promiſe, and wreſtled with the Lord day and night, till he deſtroyed the carnal mind, and filled my ſoul with his fulneſs: at which time I was ſo overwhelmed with his power, that I ſat for two hours, and hardly knew, whether I was in the body or not. Yet I was not exempt from trials, even of the moſt painful nature; but God brought me ſafe through all.

The firſt acquaintance, ſays one of her intimate friends, which I had with her, was at a prayer-meeting: being much affected with her fervor in prayer, I contracted an acquaintance with her, and found many bleſſings, both by her prayers and example. She carried me with her to the beds of the ſick and diſtreſt, and to the Hoſpitals and Infir-

maries. No intreaties, no weather, no weakneſs, if ſhe was able to ſtir out of bed, detained her at home. And however ill ſhe was, when ſhe came to the place, ſhe was as full of zeal and power as if ſhe had been in perfect health. She appeared always weighed down with a ſenſe of the miſery of thoſe who knew not God. And nothing but zeal for the ſalvation of ſouls could have ſupported her, through her continued labours. She had a variety of trials: many of our own Society blamed her conduct, as not believing her called to this: but ſhe believed it was her duty, and therefore ſteadily perſevered therein. She was a perſon of one buſineſs, and ſeemed to live but for one end. Meantime, her ſtrength, her body, her ſoul, were all devoted to that one point, *of going about doing good* to her fellow-creatures. She was always ſerious and ſolemn, and uninterruptedly enjoyed perfect love. I never heard her join in any converſation that was not ſpiritual.

Between two and three months before her laſt illneſs, ſhe wrote to a friend as follows:

"Laſt Sunday was a day of great peace to my ſoul. I ſat in heavenly places with Jeſus. My hope was full of immortality, and I longed to depart and be with Chriſt, which is far better than life. What lies neareſt my heart is the proſperity of Zion. O my dear, let us endeavour to live by faith. This, I ſee, is the moſt excellent way. I am divinely led to come juſt as I am, a poor ſinner,

ner, to the foot of the Croſs, ever feeling I have nothing to pay. I rejoice that I am a dependent creature, that I can ſay, "Every moment, Lord, I want the merit of thy death." I ſee much beauty in theſe words, "He was ſtrong in faith, giving glory to God." Let us be but ſtrong in faith, and we can do every thing.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promiſe ſees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impoſſibilities,
And cries, It ſhall be done."

I beſeech you, uſe the talent God has given you. Speak for the honour of Jeſus wherever you are. Let your light ſhine. For whoever confeſſes him before men, them will he confeſs before his Father and his holy angels. In a little time our habitation here will know us no more. In a few days this dream of life will be at an end. While we are in this world, let us do all the good we can. O pray for me! I feel I am leſs than the leaſt of all.

"I have been very ill ſince I wrote laſt. One night in particular I ſeemed to be ſo near death, that my friends were ſent for to take their laſt farewel of me; and while my mother and they ſat round my bed weeping, I could do nothing but rejoice, and ſing Hallelujah. The thought of being ſoon with my Beloved, raviſhed my ſoul. The thought of dying took away every care. Jeſus came to me as a ſweet Friend, and brought the promiſes to my mind. I fed upon them, and felt they were all mine; particularly that, "*In my Father's houſe are many manſions: if it*

were not ſo, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be alſo." But my friends would not let me go: they prayed for me, they wreſtled, and, like *Jacob*, they prevailed. In that moment I felt myſelf better, and ſtill continue to gather ſtrength.

"When the phyſician came and told me, I muſt not meet my Claſſes or my Bands, (as at that time I was ſpitting blood) it wounded me to the heart. But I ſoon ſaw the Lord could do without ſuch a worm. But why is this, my dear, That many of our people lie like a weight upon my heart? O when will the Society be like a flame of fire! I pant to ſee us all ſuch as the firſt Chriſtians were, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghoſt." Well, let you and I draw each other into God by faith and prayer. I ſee nothing brings me nearer to God, than meditating on the humility, patience and death of Chriſt, who made himſelf of no reputation, took upon him the form of a ſervant, and became obedient to the death of the croſs. We do not think half enough of the death of Chriſt. O the death of Chriſt! the death of Chriſt! Let us gaze upon him, till we fully take the ſtamp divine."

About the 10th of Auguſt a Fever fell upon her nerves, from which ſhe partly recovered in a fortnight; but a weakneſs remained, attended with a violent cough and pain in her ſide, which terminated in her death.

During her illneſs ſhe expreſſed herſelf at different times in the following manner: "I am

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now going into eternity. Zion has been all my care. My cry has ever been, "Lord, proſper Zion!" I have often felt ſo much for its proſperity, that I have thought my heart would break. O how have I mourned over the careleſs! I feel a hope that God will bleſs the Methodiſts more powerfully. I love them; they are near my heart. "Come let us languiſh for more of the love of Chriſt. Let us not be content, till we bathe in that ocean—till we are loſt and ſwallowed up in God. O the delightful days I now ſpend! My all is gone into eternity: and the language of my heart is, Lord, let me hear, ſee, and feel nothing but thee! My ſoul is raviſhed with the thought, that I ſhall ſhortly be with my dear Lord. He has been pleaſed to ſhew me great things of late. I have been ſo led to view the glories of the inviſible world, that I have often deſired neither to ſee nor hear any perſon or thing around me. One day in particular, I was apparently in a ſwoon, and felt as if the curtain was raiſed, and I was permitted to view my Beloved on the throne, and the Elders, Cherubim, and Seraphim, and all the Company, falling down before him, and crying, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! I was quite overcome, and could ſay nothing but, O the Glory! O the Glory! I ſtill feel much of this divine frame, rejoicing, and longing to be gone. I feel my Spirit united to thoſe of the inviſible world, and ſee the angels rejoicing to meet me. They ſhout the Redeemer, and I ſhall partake of the Song which now overcomes me. O glorious thought! Who would

not

not wiſh to die! Once I thought I could not leave my friends, they were ſo dear to me, but now I can with joy bid them all farewel. O Jeſus, what haſt thou done for me! Glory, eternal glory to Thee, that ever I was born to taſte ſuch joys! O that all the world knew them!"

"Who is like Jeſhuron's God
So great, ſo ſtrong, ſo high?"

"O the unſearchable riches of Chriſt! Help me to praiſe him.

"O for a heart to praiſe my God,
A heart from ſin ſet free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!"

"I dreamed a few nights ago that I heard a voice ſay, "as ſoon as your death-warrant is ſealed, there will be a ſhout of joy through all heaven." I am now drawing very near to eternity; and the thought of dying delights my ſoul."

At another time ſhe ſaid, "O God, how good thou art! When ſhall I ſee thy face in glory!" After a pauſe ſhe added, "Let all the earth ſhout the Redeemer. Hallelujah!"

She then fell into a convulſive fit, and when it abated ſhe cried "O for a burſt of praiſe! Happy day on which I was born; and bleſſed be the day, when I knew the Lord, my Life, my Treaſure!" Soon after, ſhe ſaid, "Proſperity to Zion! Let all the earth acknowledge the Lord!"

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The fit now returned with great violence; and after a hard ſtruggle, ſhe ſaid, "all my pains will ſoon be changed into praiſes."

Seeing her mother ſtanding by her ſide, ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly at her, and graſping her hand ſaid, "I am going to leave you, but God will be your friend. It is a great comfort that I am not afraid to die. I feel no more at the thoughts of death, than at lying on this bed." She then ſang

"Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'll break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Will bear me conqueror through"—

And immediately added, "I will ſhout victory, victory, when I get the other ſide of Jordan." At which ſhe ſeemed to gather new life, and cried out as in an extaſy, "O glorious eternity! glorious eternity!" To a friend who was ſupporting her, ſhe ſaid, "It is an eaſy matter for the Lord to releaſe an helpleſs worm. He can heal by a touch. Come to him now: forget all that is paſt, and come a helpleſs ſinner to the wounds of Jeſus. Believe, and plead the promiſes. It will bring glory to God to believe in him to-night. One day is with the Lord as a thouſand years, and a thouſand years as one day. O plead the promiſes this inſtant, and cry out, bleſs me now, O my Father: this will increaſe your faith."

After

After a ſevere fit, ſhe ſaid, "He is my God and my all! I may well ſay, He has not forſaken me in my diſtreſs. God is Love! God is Love! How ſweetly could I fall aſleep in his arms; but I will not be anxious. His will be done." After a ſhort ſleep, ſhe repeated theſe lines,

"Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into Life."

And then ſhe cried in a joyful tone, "I ſhall ſoon be at reſt. O it is a pleaſing thought that I am ſo near my home!"

The fits now became very frequent, as well as extremely violent. After getting a little eaſe, ſhe ſaid, "I will tell them on the heavenly ſhore, you are all haſtening home." She pauſed, and then added, "Shout the name I love! Sweet Jeſus! precious Jeſus! O my loving Saviour, I had no idea of the great things thou haſt done for my ſoul! I have not been tempted or tried ſince I had the fever. I have felt the greateſt calmneſs of ſoul ever ſince: for I knew that my work was finiſhed." After which ſhe repeated Rev. iii. 10. "*Becauſe thou haſt kept the word of my patience, I alſo will keep thee from the hour of temptation which ſhall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.*"

Whilſt one was ſpeaking to her of the reſt ſhe ſhould ſhortly enjoy, ſhe calmly ſaid,

"I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore;
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

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She was now ſo weak that her voice failed her for ſome time; but recovering it again, ſhe ſaid, "Who would not live to God in their health!" and then with ſeeming ſolitude, "O what delays his chariot-wheels?" Being aſked whether ſhe found Jeſus precious, ſhe replied, "Lovely, altogether lovely! Help me to praiſe him." She then added, "My tongue grows thick: that is delightful: every thing which brings me nearer eternity, increaſes my joy." She then cried with a ſtrong voice, "The Lord omnipotent reigneth! Sing to the Lord a joyful ſong. Let all the earth praiſe him! Glory, honour and power be to Him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever."

The day before her death, ſhe ſaid, "I rejoice in my greateſt ſufferings. I have a view this moment of angels waiting for me, and I feel an inexpreſſible union with them."

To one who ſtood near her, ſhe ſaid, "Give your whole heart to Chriſt, and then you will be happy in life, and happy when you come to die; which is very awful without being full of God." After being ſilent for ſome moments, ſhe cried with joy in her countenance, "The work is finiſhed."

The morning of the day on which ſhe died, ſhe ſaid, "Come, Lord Jeſus, and let me behold thy glory. What are all my ſufferings now I am come to a death-bed? My breath will not admit of time to talk of any thing but Jeſus."

After awaking from a ſhort ſleep, ſhe ſaid, "Whenever

Whenever I fall into a ſlumber, I dream of divine things. Juſt now I thought I was in a delightful paſture converſing with one who ſaid, "You will finiſh your courſe this day." I am exceedingly compoſed: I do not feel a pain. This indeed is victory. My life is hid with Chriſt. I ſhall ſoon be wafted far above on the wings of angels."

Looking at her mother, ſhe ſaid, "Think of your ſoul. I am dying; and what ſhould I do, if I had not Chriſt."

She aſked what o'clock it was; and being told it was ten, replied with a degree of ſurprize, "What! ten, and not gone yet." And then ſhe added in a ſoft voice, "I am going to glory."

One who came to ſee her, repeated theſe words, "O the pain, the bliſs of dying." She anſwered, "The bliſs! the bliſs! the pain is nothing:" though at that time her pains were exquiſite.

Between twelve and one ſhe deſired to be turned in her bed: which being done, ſhe ſaid, "I am now eaſy." Then looking ſtedfaſtly on her mother, ſhe preſſed her hand, and added, "I have fought the good fight." Theſe were her laſt words: after which ſhe lay quiet for near twenty minutes, and then, without a ſtruggle or a groan, ſweetly fell aſleep in Jeſus the 22d of Oct. 1789.

"Thus lived, and thus died, *Jane Newland*. May my laſt end be like her's!"

FINIS.